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MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

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**THE  
VIGNETTE**

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# THE VIGNETTE

## *The Top*

The icy wind rushed in thru the open window whipping the curtains back sharply. Beyond, the shed behind the poplars was silent, wrapped in the blue white beauty of the snow. The unsoiled white coverlet was everywhere wiping out the road filling up the chinks in the stone wall, and lying in great clots on the firs. It made the lonely country more lonely, tho more lovely.

A little huddled figure at the window stirred slightly. A rough voice softened by the muffler of many quilts broke the silence, "Get into bed. you darn fool. How in heck do you think Santa Claus is going to come if you don't go to sleep?" A spring creaked; the door knob rattled in a sudden gust.

"Come on in."

The figure moved quietly from the window and slipped from the room. In the large farmhouse kitchen a lighted lantern hanging on a nail by the sink showed a child's face above the swathing bathrobe, the face of a boy of eight. He looked around the kitchen, half afraid, then stooped to pat the large dog, lying close to the woodbox by the stove.

"Guess I won't go to bed if I don't want to. Guess I won't." He pulled the dog's silky ears. "Haven't heard the singers go by." He lit a candle, groped his way courageously to the front door and looked out the window thru the vines that covered the porch to the road beyond. No movement was there; just the sound of the wind was about and now he noticed the snow was beginning to drift.

Keen disappointment flooded the child's heart. Hadn't he stayed up to see the carolers? Hadn't he worked all day getting wood in just so that there would be extra time tonight to sit up and hear

them? Pa and ma were snug in bed, probably asleep. He could hear pa's wheeze through the partition, combining with the hired man's regulation snore. And Bill, why couldn't he let a fellow alone for a while? Just 'cause he was so big, he thought he could boss. There was no sound behind him, but the lad knew the dog was there and patted the head pressed close to his arm. The hound turned his soft, tawny head uneasily and whined. The clock ticked on, heard faintly above the rush of the wind and the rattle of old shutters.

Suddenly the dog became tense, growled deeply. There was a heavy thud against the front door.

Tom, crumbled in a scared heap, held his breath. Scout made an endless vibration in his throat, stepping slowly toward the door, snuffing. No other sound followed that thud, no other sound for several seconds while the lad, tense with dread strained his ears. Gradually he relaxed his cramped muscles and moved cautiously. The dog was motionless at the door, his nose to the crack at the sill. The wind blew the flakes at the window in great, white clouds that stuck fast.

Hands trembling so the candle he carried guttered dangerously, the lad moved to the door. On second thought he placed the candle on a table and ever so cautiously drew back the curtain from the window and peered out. Snow drifted down, fast obliterating fresh tracks on the porch. He dropped the curtain quickly, too frightened to open the door, but the silent form of the dog reassured him. It didn't occur to him to call his brother. He had been trained to care for himself. Long days working in the fields of his father taught him to act in an emergency himself, instead of walking the long acres for help.

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The doorknob turned slowly, almost imperceptibly beneath his fingers. The wind rushed suddenly releasing the latch and the door flew wide, weighted by a heavy mass that fell across his feet. The dog was silent, snuffing at the object. Almost white it was, white and dark blue, a heavy rough coat enveloping a man. Tom prodded him. Was he dead? Frozen? The prone figure partly blocked the door and with difficulty he pushed it aside and shut out the bitter wind. With the help of the candle he examined the man's face. The flickering light fell on the child's eager face, its eyes black and large, his skin fresh and glowing. It shone dully on the face of the man, wet with snow, rough from the wind, the eyes closed. He stirred slightly, groaned, and then the boy saw a dull red stain was soaking through the coat sleeve.

The lad rushed down the hall to the bedroom. His brother, stupid with sleep, refused at first to get up; then half awake took the candle from the boy's shaking hand and went down the hall.

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Gray morning creeping in across the broad worn boards of the kitchen floor, disclosed the stranger asleep on the sagging couch under the window. One arm was bandaged and thrown over the crazy quilt. His face relaxed in sleep showed lines around the mouth and a deep furrow between his brows. The hair straggling across his forehead was dark and unkempt. He murmured as he slept, uneasily. The dog lay by quiet, his nose pointed towards the cot. Quickly his ears went up; the boy Tom stood in the doorway striving to overcome his sleepiness. He was struggling between a desire to investigate his Christmas stocking and a desire to talk to the stranger, whom they had doctored and put to bed last night. He went to the couch and listened to the restless muttering of the sleeper; "I'm sick of it. We don't pull together. I'm going to get out." There was a long jumble of syllables, then, "No, no," the sleeper said distinctly, "why should I do it?" In a quieter, cautious tone, "You'd better hurry up." Fiercely, "Leave me alone." He uttered a deep moan and went on more faintly, "You've got me now. I can't run. They are coming."

Tom frowned in bewilderment, "Gosh, what does all that mean? Wish he'd wake up, then we could talk." He pattered into the fireplace, got his bulging stockings and sat on the floor by the cot disgorging it of its treasures: one apple, one orange, a handful of nuts, then a package tied with red string.

"Sport, what do you suppose this will be?" The dog looked on thru half closed eyes, watching the unwrapping of the treasure. At the lad's delight his tail beat against the floor lazily.

"Gosh!" Eyes wide, he held it to his ear, a large nickel plated watch which ticked very loudly. The man on the couch laughed, he had been awake, watching in silence for a minute or two.

Tom ran to his side, "Say, who are you? Does your arm hurt? You never came to once last night when we dragged you in."

The stranger, pushing back the quilts, sat up suddenly, looked at his own watch, and continued the careful survey of the room he had started before. His eyes, rather hard and light blue, came back to Tom.

"Who lives here?" he demanded watching Tom keenly. "Mighty nice of you to take me in."

Tom volunteered to call his father, but the man stopped him. "No hurry. We can just visit a while, then I've got to beat it. How long will it take me to get to Surry? They're expecting me and will be worried," with a sardonic laugh.

"You're not going without seeing Pa, are you?" The man laughed again, a grating sound. "Be charmed to, but I'm rather in a hurry."

"Couldn't you telephone, we've got one? Will your folks be missing you?"

"My folks! I guess they won't miss me much. That is—"

"You'd better wait and see my Pa. Say, can't you come and see my Christmas tree? Look at the watch I got"

The man took it quickly, appraised it as quickly and gave it back indifferently, looking around the room for his coat.

"Guess that's some watch," said Tom, holding it to his ear while an expression of highest bliss lighted his face. The stranger, heedless of the boy's delight, moved his arm cautiously and looked around the room again. His eyes, com-

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ing back to the child, absorbed in his happiness, rested for a moment, lost half of their hardness. His stern mouth relaxed.

"I can hear it tick so plain."

"Good morning." The deep voice of Tom's father startled them both; the face of the stranger took on its old mask of watchfulness. Mr. Hutton lowered his bulk into the morris chair. He laced up his boots, addressing the stranger at intervals.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" good humoredly, "dropping in on us in the middle of the night?" He straightened up, looked at the stranger keenly.

The other man spoke quickly, pleasantly, "My horse gave out. I'm Tremlin, taking some goods thru to Surry and got tied up in the storm. The mare got tangled in the reins and when I tried to cut her loose got vicious, sent the knife into my arm. I saw your light and thought I'd come for help, but was done up by the time I got here, I guess. Mighty decent of you to help me out!"

"Live around here?"

"No, folks are at Derby, quite a way off. Just telling the kid they'll be worried, so I'll have to start off again."

"We'll have to pry your horse out, if there's anything left of him after this big blow. You'll stay here for breakfast, then we'll get you started. Tom, get Bill out of bed and see who is calling on the phone so early. No, I'll answer it myself."

His gruff voice echoed to the kitchen, "Hello, yes;" then more quietly, "Seen last at Tom Duff's? Man killed? Just a minute. Keep that dog quiet, will you? There's someone here now. Send up Jo. I'll hold him. Good bye. Sport, keep still!" The farmer opened the kitchen door. It was empty. The dog, barking furiously, was bound to the leg of the stove by a twisted towel.

The sun was almost overhead when Mr. Hutton and the band of men he had gathered came back to the farmhouse.

"Clean break, I guess. Don't know where he went to if the dog can't find him. Was sort of suspicious of the fellow by his looks. Well, we can tell them to be on the watch at Surry." Mr. Hut-

ton in baffled fury tramped up the porch steps. He didn't notice that his skates were missing till two weeks later, and the river was just beyond the road.

Tom had noticed though, and taking his own, disappeared. He went up the creek, a short cut to the bend in the river ahead and lay in wait there for the stranger. He estimated the time well. Barely had he hid himself when he heard the ring of skates down the river. He thought of what he had heard the man say in his sleep.

He swung out in front of the other, so suddenly that he went down.

"Did you do it?" The child asked, pointing his father's ancient musket at the prostrate figure.

The fugitive struggled to lift himself, but his wounded arm was useless. He looked at the boy warily. "You can't scare me, kid," laughing.

"Did you?" Tom prodded him. "Cause I heard you talk in your sleep and I wondered. And then I hoped that you hadn't 'cause it would be hard for your folks. They'd just keep on waiting."

Amazement, doubt, relief, incredulity showed on the man's face, and then the strangest expression of all, hope struggling with dread. "What do you think?" He spoke very low. The lad's face was so serious, pleading. How could he destroy the look in those eyes? And would the boy believe him?

Tom loosened his hold on the musket. It was very heavy. "I didn't see how you could," said Tom, "but if you did I'm going to take you back."

Funny that it mattered what he told the kid. "No, I didn't. But no one will believe that. I've got to get out till they clear the thing up. I came pretty near it and I've got to get away."

Tom beamed with relief, hid the musket in the bushes and helped the other to his feet. "Gee, I'm glad you didn't do it. I didn't think you did. Take this to your boy; it's my best one. Spins for three minutes." A top, worn smooth, was thrust in his pocket. Tom started down the river. "Now if you come this way."

At dinner that day Mr Hutton laid down his knife and fork. "Funny how that fellow got away. He vanished com-

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pletely, but they're holding another fellow they caught."

Tom's mouth was full of turkey.

Late that night in a remote farm yard, a man lying in the hayloft of a barn cursed softly as something hard dug into his wounded arm. Then he drew forth the top, and sitting up looked at it thoughtfully in the pale light of the stars shining thru the window.

"If they'd got me I never could have got clear. Fancy having a lad like that trust you." Looking thru the window he thought of the light in the boy's eyes, when he saw the stars powdering the deep blue sky. Strange that he should think of his own childhood then. Out of the maze of the forgotten past, buried in bitter memories came one old, familiar picture clearer, and clearer.

Out of the shade of a palm tree three huge shapes came forward silently, swinging across the desert, under the vast sky's dome. Fabrics heavy and scented flapped 'gainst the sides of the camels. Eyes deep with a vision looked up to a star in the sky.

The picture faded, but another one came vividly back.

High on a rocky hilltop, massed together sleeping, the sheep watched by the shepherds, a sudden light streams from the sky.

The light faded, and far below in the valley the pathway roughened by boulders lead to the stable's door. There near the browsing cattle, trampling the straw in their small stalls, The Child was quietly sleeping, held in the arms of His mother.

The bright light hurt the eyes of the watcher. It blurred and the picture was gone. Light from the nearer stars caught sparkles in the eyes of the man.

"Fool," he muttered, whipping a drop from the top's side. "Too late now to go back." He spoke as if in protest to an inner voice. "They have forgotten. . . . It's too far. . . . They won't know me. . . . I'll try to make it, and keep the top. . . . To have a kid like that."

With the peace of the face of The Mother, he lay down to sleep in the hay.

HILDA L. FROST.

## *The Two-Bit Santa Claus*

Christmas Eve. Huh! Skimpy thrust his numbing hands deeper into the pockets of his shabby coat and surveyed the swirling tide of late shoppers with an expression of amused contempt.

Traffic lights blinked nervous red and green eyes upon the hurrying throng that jostled about the great shop windows, and now and then a shrill whistle rose above the rattle and roar. The vast heart of the city hummed and throbbed with holiday excitement. All kinds of people hurried past. Big, pompous, befurred dowagers; nervous, anxious, little men; urbane, smooth-faced men; flustered women trailed by tired, big-eyed youngsters; silly, chattering girls; eager youth and faltering age all tormented by the festive spirit. All that is, but the shabby figure slouched by the garishly lighted entrance to the great store.

Tomorrow would be Christmas for most folks, but it would only be Tuesday for him. Skimpy grinned bitterly and fingered the one coin in his trousers' pocket.

So Chris'mus meant givin', huh? Suppose, then, he ought to give his last two bits to the old fool with the bell, doing the Santa Claus act on the corner. Santa Claus! Ha! Ha! What a hot one! What had Santa ever brought Skimpy when he was a kid? Nothing! Just once he got a cheap knife with a white bone handle. His old man had hocked it for booze. It was all a fake anyway, this Santa stuff and Chris'mus givin and all that sort of guff.

Nope, the old false whiskers wouldn't get Skimpy's last quarter. Not when it would get him a shot of gin down at Dorgan's. Bum gin, maybe, but what could a poor guy do for a swig nowadays? Rich old birds that had the dough could get good stuff but it was tough on guys like Skimpy. It was the same way with Chris'mus too. Rich guys had plenty of rocks and got all the breaks. They got presents and things, and Skimpy just got it in the neck.

Brakes screeched warningly and a stumbling, hurtling figure catapulted into Skimpy, shocking him abruptly out of his bitter reveries.

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"Hey!" he yelled, "watch where yer goin'."

The figure, that of a skinny, little ragamuffin, picked itself up and shook a defiant fist at the pompous occupant of a glittering car that was slowly moving off in the stream of traffic.

"Say, kid," said Skimpy, "you wanna look out; ya nearly got picked off that time."

The urchin said nothing but suddenly thrust his fists to his eyes and tears coursed down his grimy cheeks.

"Whatsa matter, ya hurt?"

The boy shook his head.

"I lost my coin, fella. Two bits I had to get a Chris'mus present fer my kid brother. One of them tin ortermobiles; the kind yer wind up. Bumped it outer my hand out there."

"Well," muttered Skimpy, uneasily, "what of it? Ya can get another, can't cha?"

"Say, I ain't no millionaire! That's my last dough. The kid won't get nothin' now. He's kinda sick-like too."

The tears broke out afresh.

"Aw, stow it," Skimpy growled. Too bad, but then, it wasn't none of his business. The kid should of been more careful. Still, the rich old guy in the car hadn't seemed to care much. Just drove on without half looking to see if the kid was hurt. Thought because he had dough he could go around knocking poor kids down. Spoiled the kid's brother's Chris'mus, too.

Skimpy's fingers touched the surface of his lone two bits. For a moment he hesitated. There was Dorgan's, of course, and the shot of gin. It was a tough break for the kid, though. Kinda sick-like, too.

By cripes, the old bird hadn't even bothered. Skimpy would show the blanked old fool he couldn't go around knocking money from poor kids.

"Why the gosh-blanked fat old walrus!" he exploded.

The urchin stopped sniffing in surprise.

"Come, kid," cried Skimpy, grasping the youngster's arm, "you and me is gonna show 'em."

Together they swept along with the crowd and vanished through the glaring entrance of the great store. K. H. B.

## *A Medieval Fantasy*

Reading about such enterprises as the South Carolina Playmakers and The Little Country Theatre of North Dakota, we have long felt that the opportunities for a similar movement here are great. Putting it stronger, we have felt that, with our training and our particular individual fitness for such work, there has been an unfulfilled obligation which did not reflect to the credit of the school. Now, as the political orators say, we are on the eve of a great opportunity indeed. Our new organization, which we know as the Dramatic Club, (and I would like to see a name even more representative of the aims of that body), is working on a project rather larger in scale than anything so far attempted. This is the pageant-play, *Geber*, which will be presented on the evenings of January 24, 25 and 26.

This is entirely a student production. The play was written by a student, and is directed by a student. The orchestration and the dances are arranged by students. The settings and costumes are designed and constructed by students, and the lighting system has been worked out and installed by students. The entire cast is made up of students, as is also the orchestra. Here, at last, is an organization which has "caught the vision of its possibilities." Here is a production which is entirely worthy of the support of every individual in the school.

The play is a medieval fantasy of the 14th Century, and takes its name from the mysterious Geber, alchemist, necromancer, and interpreter of dreams. From the standpoint of color and composition, this is sure to be a production worthy of an Art School, and because it is a good beginning, because it means getting a foothold in amateur drama here in this school, it thoroughly deserves support.

"There are a lot of people who must have the table laid in the usual way or they will not enjoy the dinner."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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KING'S CHAPEL

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## *Concerning King's Chapel*

The landlord of the Wayside Inn acquainted us with a memorable ride in April 1775, but he did not tell us of Revere's part in the manufacture of supplies for the Revolutionary Army, of his many historic engravings depicting those troublous days before the outbreak of hostilities, of the brass and copper materials that he furnished by contract for the "Constitution," of his bells that rang from many church steeples.

The stock book of Paul Revere & Son shows that 192 bells were cast at his foundry from 1792 to 1818, the largest bell cast for a church in Providence Rhode Island, and weighing 2884 pounds. A study in 1911 of the bells made by Paul Revere or Revere & Son discovered 78 still in use. One of these bells is still ringing out the call to service in King's Chapel. It bears the inscription: "Revere & Son, Boston, 1816."

The old bell in the tower of King's Chapel had been cracked in 1814. When two years later the new bell was hung, a wit commemorated the event in the following lines:

The Chapel church  
Left in the lurch  
Must surely fall;  
For church and people,  
And bell and steeple  
Are crazy all.

The church still lives,  
The priest survives,  
With mind the same.  
Revere refounds,  
The bell resounds -  
And all is well again.

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## *The Inveterate Reader*

Once upon a time there was a Long-Distance Word-Hound who was trying to get from Upper Boston to East Saugus, Mass. He was in a Huntington Avenue Hash Dispensary, familiar to Students and others of the Leisure Class, by the Trade-Mark, the Original Sign of Temptation which hangs outside. This ravenous News-Shark had just put an end to a Miserable Meal. Not that he was a man of Fastidious Taste, but he was an Optical Athlete who just Ate up Literature. The fried scallops he ordered might as well have been made in an Art School from Fish Glue and Wrappings as far as he was concerned; and all because he had forgotten to take along the daily Boston American.

He was an Absolute Devotee of the Printed Page. He couldn't Masticate his morning Toast and Hemlock without the aid of a Linotype. He had to shield his eyes with the Sporting Page or he couldn't find his mouth with a Fork. He read a great deal. He knew all the funny sheets by Heart and used to laugh Uproariously at the Mirth-Provoking Antics and Humorous Quips. His wife knew that if he ever Dropped Dead it would be in front of a So-Many-Dollars Reward Sign, so she never worried. For Christmas she always gave him a Half-Pint wrapped in Newspaper and it kept him Entertained the Rest of the Day.

He sighed Deeply and wiped his Mouth on the back of his Hand. Then he stood up and took His Own hat from a choice of Three others because he had no use for a number nine Derby or a Blue Denim Cap. The Third choice was topped by a Size 15 Glove and he let it Alone. On his way Out, he paused before the Bell Dame with the Pink Enamelled finger hooks and presented his Check—the kind that says, "Pay highest amount punched on this ticket and count your change before leaving." While she was Pushing a Button and Herding a couple of Buffalo nickels out onto the counter, he assumed the Air of a man about to select a French Pastry and chose Himself a White Pine toothpick from the Red Glass jar on the rubber

Mat. With his Molars and Bicuspid chummily wound around the Pine Splitter, he stepped out into the Snowy street.

He turned away and allowed his Eye to Flit through the Traffic in search of a Cheap and Easy Means of Transportation with No parking Menace. Finding a big, gold Boston counterpart of the Toonerville Trolley, he beat Seven Women and Two Underarm Dogs to the door and Fell in. Once inside, he displayed Unusual Agility in the Exercise of Obtaining a Seat. By tidily Folding his Ears, and Heading his Feet due North, he was able to Ease in between a Leviathan with no Lap and a Shop-Worn Madaline holding a Damp Child. With the Stock Expression of a Martyr or one of Raphael's Cherubs (that you can get from Mr. Woolworth now, in a Heart-Shaped Frame with a bow and arrow in each hand and a modest Wisp of Gauze about the middle), he Lamped Aloft. His Soul immediately became Flooded with that Radiant Joy which the Long-Haired Denizens of the Village claim to have written Patent Pending upon. The Upper section of this Careening Go-Stop was a Balm to the eyes of the Inveterate Reader. As far as the eye could See, between the Chins and Feathers of the Strap-Acrobat, there were examples of what a Cough-Stop Firm or a Soap-Seller will purchase Caveat Emptor as an Aid to Unloading his Wares, All the way from the Italian Cottage in Copley Square, which he had heard referred to as a Library, to the Park Street Arena, he read about the Guinevere who went twenty miles on a gallon of Gas, and the Blue Man who never heard of Smith Bros.

At Park Street he introduced a Forward Pass, followed it up with a forty-yard dash in Wedge Formation with forty-seven others, and after receiving a Drop-Kick from a Sharp-Shinned Hawk in Spike Heels, he finally made his Goal in a North-Bound Sprinter of the Steel Track. It would have been Rude to Sit Down, because the Seats were all Taken, so he annexed a White Porcelain Stirrup next to a Black Beauty with a Lib-

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erty Magazine, and settled down to read all about Adam and Eva by a Guy-named Erskine. He had only got as far as the place where Adam Dopes Out a Tonier name, for Polecat when the Sheba got Out and left him with nothing to look at but a list of Ford Motor Statistics for 1921. He was Ready to Cry, but he found a "Bromo-Seltzer for Headaches" blotter in his pocket and it took up his Mind.

At the end of the line he followed the Milling Herd through the Maze of Traffic and Burrowed into the Congested Roots of the new Boston Garden. Out in the Shed, where the Icy Blast is kept back by Gilt-Edged Weather-Stripping and Cut-Glass Doors, a Gent gotten up as a Metropolitan Usher escorted him to a Wicket where a Willie Baldeagle with a William Tell tie was Just Dying to exchange an East Saugus ticket for 28c. This Bird had already reached for the Pasteboard when the Bozo, whose actions we have been chronologizing, discovered that the Best he could Raise was a Quarter. He wished he could find a Buck in the Snow but he Knew there was No Chance, so he turned Away because he would Rather Die than admit he was Financially Embarrassed. Some people are Like that.

He Retraced his Steps and approached the Soft-Voiced Fluff in the Western Union corner intending to Wire his Wife for half a dollar. But he Lost his Temper and the Trill behind the Counter told him he Could Not send Such Language for only Twenty-five Cents.

So he went away and shut himself up in a Golden Oak Sentry-box with Roller Bearings, and Folding Doors, and told the Number Please to get East Saugus and Never Mind. When she said, "Drop in Six Nickels," he parried with, "Reverse the Charge" and the Call went Through. The Upshot of it Was that the Wife sent the Money, but he had to sit in a Draft between a High School Giggle with Large Eyes and a Hallelujah Lad with a Tambourine until the money Came, and there was nothing to read but the Holy Transcript across the Aisle and that was Greek to him.

MORAL: Poverty is no Handicap for a man of Words.

## *The Island of the Dead*

Böcklin

I cannot think that this will be  
The isle where all our souls depart,  
Aloof and empty, cold and lone,  
With rocky walls and forest heart—  
To which a white-robed spirit glides  
In bark along a dark glass lake.  
I cannot think that life can end  
For all this loneliness and ache.  
There are few windows here to greet  
The rising Lady of the Dawn,  
And sunsets' flares of rose and mauve,  
Or flying star-dust earthward borne,  
No groves wherein to fling our feet,  
And chase the satyr and the faun;  
No clear sweet streams where music  
dwells—  
But desolation,—dark, forlorn.  
I cannot think that this will be  
The end of all my joyous years—  
My spirit echoing hollow tunes,  
To languish 'neath a wall of tears.

DORIS THORESEN.

## *Literary Club*

Under the guidance of Mr. Minot, the group interested in modern literature has many stimulating discussions.

Two meetings have been held so far, one in November and one in December. The fall books have been taken up, in particular, *John Brown's Body* by Stephen Vincent Benét, *The Buck in the Snow* by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and *Good Morning America* by Carl Sandburg.

## *A Winter's Tale*

The Massachusetts School of Art football team, captained by Sculptor Winters, completely vanquished the artists from the Vesper George School. As a winning team seems to be the prerequisite for newspaper publicity—we mean the legitimate publicity to which we are entitled—the winter of our discontent is over. We are now, with Stanford and Boston College, front page copy. We had real cause to be thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

*Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus  
—artium in schola!*

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## *The Feast of Lights*

Hanukkah, the Feast of Dedication, also called the "Feast of the Maccabees," is celebrated over a period of eight days, chiefly as a festival of lights. The holiday begins on the twenty-fifth day of the Jewish month of Kislev, which this year falls on December 7.

In the year 165 B. C. Judas Maccabeus, his brothers, and the Elders of the congregation of Israel instituted Hanukkah as a memorial to the dedication of the altar and the purification of the Sanctuary. Three years earlier on the same day, by order of the Syrian King, Antiochus Epiphanes, a pagan altar had been set up at the altar of burnt offerings in the Temple at Jerusalem and sacrifices were offered to the idol called Zeus Olympias. This King, determined to unify the peoples of his kingdom, compelled all to adopt the Greek religion and to worship the Greek gods. Thus he took possession of the Temple of the Jews.

The Jews worshipped one God. Persecutions were heaped upon them but they persevered. Led at first, by the aged priest, Mattathias, and after his death by his son, Judas Maccabeus, they resisted the strong armies sent against them by the Syrians and triumphantly marched into Jerusalem.

Having recovered the Holy City and the Temple, Judas ordered the Temple to be cleansed and a new altar and new holy vessels to be made. The fire upon the altar was kindled anew and the lamps of the holy candlestick were lit. For eight days the dedication of the altar was celebrated amid sacrifices and songs. In the households lights were kindled and the popular name of the festival came to be the "Festival of Lights." Either eight lamps were lit on the first night of the festival and the number reduced on each successive night, or one lamp was lit and the number increased until the eighth night.

The Talmud ascribes the origin of the Festival to the miracle which occurred at the dedication of the purified altar. One small cruse of consecrated oil was sealed and hidden away and thus remained unpolluted. When the priest again entered the Temple, the light from this burned

eight days until new oil was prepared for the holy candlestick.

Originally, the lamps were lit in the households, not to illuminate the house within, but without, so that passersby should see. Lamps were set up near the door leading to the street, and when a house had several doors a lamp was placed in front of each. One lamp was kindled for each person in the house. Because the lights were lit in honor of the Festival, reading by their illumination was prohibited, as was also work.

He who lights the Hanukkah lamp, and those who see it kindled recite the benedictions:

"Blessed be the Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has sanctified us by Thy commandments and enjoined us to kindle the Hanukkah lamp.

"Blessed be the Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has done wondrous things to our Fathers in the days of yore at this season."

In modern times the festival is regarded as a minor one because there is no injunction against labor. It is observed by the lighting of candles as always and by special prayers and Scriptural readings in the synagogues. More and more it has assumed the character of a children's celebration and plays are given by the children or the great deeds of the Jewish heroes and martyrs of the past are recounted.

As the slender yellow candles are lit, one by one, joy and peace fill the home. There are good things to eat, games are played, and rejoicing is in every heart.

ESTHER BEROW.

The Feast of Dedication was early adopted by the Christian Gentiles as the Feast of the Nativity. Just as the Jews lighted candles as emblems of the Light of Truth rekindled, so the Christians lighted candles in honor of their Light of Truth, the "light to lighten the Gentiles" prophesied by Simeon in Luke 2:32. Various superstitions have accompanied the candle-lighting ceremonies of the Christians in time past, but the spirit in which these lights are lit is essentially the same; whether the slender, yellow flame flares for Jew or Gentile "rejoicing is in every heart."

## THE PLUMBLINE

### *A Visit from St. Nicholas*

Twas the night before Christmas when  
all through the flat,  
The family made merry with laughter  
and chat.  
The stockings were hung by the window  
with care  
In the hope that St. Nick  
would drop in from the air.  
The children all danced to a radio tune  
With visions of fur coats; seal, musk-  
rat, and coon.  
Min sighed for a roadster, I for a tux  
And Violet a diamond costing five hun-  
dred bucks.  
We had just hit the floor for a varsity  
stride,  
When a roaring of motors was heard  
from outside.  
We rushed to the window and threw up  
the sash  
As Santa's plane landed without bump or  
crash.  
He hopped from the cockpit and with  
pardonable pride  
Vaulted the window sill and bounded in-  
side.  
He was jolly and handsome  
With eyes snapping like sparks  
And his red suit was tailored  
By Hart, Schaffner and Marx.  
His cheeks were like roses, his beard  
frosty with cold  
And he shook off the snow, while he  
smoked an Old Gold.  
He said not a word, but went straight to  
his task  
And slipped in each stocking a neat sil-  
ver flask.  
Then he nodded and winked  
Gave his shoe tops a flick  
And presented us each with a fat Christ-  
mas check.  
Then he sprang to his plane  
Gave the motors a spin  
And rose in the air with a terrible din.  
But I heard him exclaim ere he zoomed

through the night,  
"Merry Christmas to all on my round  
the world flight".

K. H. B.

### *The Sign in the Sky*

Few writers have approached the poignant beauty of Henry Van Dyke's description of the dawning of the first Christmas, contained in that singularly moving story, "The Other Wise Man". The tale itself relates the quest of Artaban, the Fourth Magian, who having vainly attempted to convince a group of his fellow-seers that the advent of the Messiah is at hand, is left alone in his palace to await the promised sign.

"Far over the eastern plain a white mist stretched like a lake. But where the distant peak of Zagros serrated the western horizon the sky was clear. Jupiter and Saturn rolled together like drops of lambent flame about to blend in one.

"As Artaban watched them, behold, an azure spark was born out of the darkness beneath, rounding itself with purple splendors to a crimson sphere, and spiring upward through rays of saffron and orange into a point of white radiance. Tiny and infinitely remote, yet perfect in every part, it pulsated in the enormous vault as if the three jewels in the Magian's breast had mingled and been transformed into a living heart of light.

"He bowed his head. He covered his brow with his hands.

" 'It is the sign,' he said. 'The King is coming, and I will go to meet him'."

### *Ye Goode Olde Wisbe*

Whether old or young, large or small  
To Ye Plumbe Line readers one and all  
A Merrie Christmas!

YE PLUMBER.

# THE · VIGNETTE

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## *Eva Le Gallienne*

On November 18 I heard Eva Le Gallienne speak at the Old South Meeting House Forum to an audience that filled every seat, lined the walls, and blocked the aisles and exits. In one corner a group of us stood leaning against what we thought was a piano till we tried to sit on it and discovered that there was glass on the top. But when Miss Le Gallienne entered, we forgot our uncomfortable positions.

I have heard it said that Eva Le Gallienne is better as a producer than as an actress—which may be taken for what it is worth. Her personality is certainly something rare to find in a theatre today. Whenever I hear her speak for her Civic Repertory Theatre, I think of the best camper I ever knew, one who under the most disheartening conditions kept up the courage and enthusiasm of the group. Against great odds this actress is bound to realize a great ideal. In the "Cradle Song" I remember how her soul blossomed under the quiet gray of the nun's robe.

Eva LeGallienne's voice has a quality that produces in her audience the real effect of her own emotions. It is because she feels so keenly both in acting and speaking. In recognition of her work for the Civic Repertory Theatre she received the Pictorial Review Achievement Award last year. Her ideal is to have a theatre within reach of the many people who really need it and cannot pay high prices. In her own words:

"Commercialism must be banished from our theatres. The theatre must serve the needs of the people and the quality of the play is important. We must not be satisfied with the trivial.

"In our country,—I am an American Citizen now, (great enthusiasm in audience)—we have the most wonderful libraries and museums dedicated to the arts of the people, and free to the people. The art of drama is the art closest to the people and yet we have no theatre standing, no temple dedicated to this art.

"The theatre has lost its true meaning. The powers in the theatre are to blame. They no longer work for love of it. God, if He gives us a gift, means for us to give it back again, not hoard it

for gold. We, of the theatre, must give freely because you need. Until we bring Love back into the theatre, and Service, we will not be doing well. The Hindus have the thought that if you have a gift and do not use it, you lose it. We should not look at things in a mechanical way. We see stars in the sky, flowers spring from the earth. We should dwell on the magic of life, the joy and mystery that science can never give us. People should have the sustenance the theatre can give them."

It is unusual to find a person so filled with the desire for giving. I have never thought of the theatre in the aspect in which she presents it. A theatre to give real food for the soul, to give the greatest drama for the mass of the poor. It sounded like Utopia. She spoke of the beginning of her idea.

"The real intelligentsia is not among the moneyed class. I had top-heavy houses. Balconies were full. I became convinced of the need of popular prices so I ran away from Broadway and put on Ibsen's *The Master Builder*. The liberal class, the workers, supported it and they need the theatre.

"Then I had the idea of a Civic Repertory Theatre. No manager of Broadway would let me play at \$1.10 top price. I would have used a tent but I got the 14th Street Theatre and I love it. It was hard the first year to convince people that low prices did not mean low standard. We had to prove the contrary. There was a terrible need of a subsidy, so I thought I'd talk to people themselves. Throughout Europe the theatres are supported by a state subsidy, that is, indirectly by taxes,—so why not here? If you had to pay four-forty every time you went to the theatre you wouldn't go very often, and surely men like Shakespeare, Moliere, and Ibsen have more to offer you than the playwright's of Hollywood."

Miss Le Gallienne explained how the Repertory system trains its actors so they know their parts and live them again and again through repetition each season.

"The stock company changes the play each two weeks. We have six weeks' preparation and keep twelve or more

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plays as if in a library ready for use. You can't possibly get the meaning of a play in one setting. You, yourself, understand plays better every time you see them. Every time I go back to a play I see in it greater heights and depths. Other systems have the same play night after night. It's like exercising the same set of muscles. Actors should work hard and not have too much to eat.

"It doesn't matter if I fail, that's not the question, but the idea must not fail."

She told of her strenuous day of rehearsals and performances to contradict the idea that actors do not work hard.

"We want to be vital instruments in public life. We want you to see the characters of Tchekhov live. We are not wonderful, but we will be.

"There is a fallacy that a great play must be dull. Get the habit of liking good things. Start the children that way while they are young. The movies give a falsified presentation of life, at least, I hope they do.

"In Germany and Paris where I lived, we went to plays: we had the habit of seeing the beautiful.

"I am sure the whole matter rests with you. You must agitate for it if you would have it. And when we have a theatre in every state for the people, we will in our lives clothe some beauty that springs from Knowledge."

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## H. H. E.

Among the great living scientists of today is a man of English sea-faring ancestry; a man who has learned to "see life steadily and see it whole", and who finds, to his profound delight, that Nature though she plays cruel jokes, is Art, itself. This man is Havelock Ellis, philosopher of love and thoughtful solver of difficult ethical problems, well-known for his prodigious knowledge of the Fine Arts.

Havelock Ellis has contributed much to literary circles. He has brought forth from the sea of past masterpieces many fine old relics. In his love for the beautiful, he has collected and arranged the Mermaid Series, Elizabethan and Restoration Drama, which is now accessible to all. Of one of the playwrights represented in his series, he says the following:

"The deep and modulated voice lifted in no sudden fervors or exaltations expresses the frank and conscious homeliness, the warm-blooded humanity, the English heartiness of man. Many golden galleons lie sunken at the bottom of the sea, few that we would more gladly recover than the stout oak ships of Henry Porter." Mr. Henry Porter's play is *The Two Angry Women of Abington*.

Every thinking person, at some time or other, should read Mr. Ellis' *The Dance of Life* just to acquaint himself with the calmness of Mr. Ellis' mental life, if for no other reason. There is a depth, a certain uplift which is all too much needed by many readers today, especially those who read the disillusioning analytical style of book. Ellis analyses with a scientist's cool impersonal eye, yet develops his synthesis with the warm, generous heart of an artist. May more of us acquire this characteristic.

*Impressions and Comments* is another of Ellis' own books which will not be forgotten. It is filled with experiences that kindred spirits thrill to read. Try it and see.

"O Life, O Truth, O Joy, O new-found  
wings of gladness, whereon now  
I laugh and soar

Pursuing Hope to heights unseen before  
along the way my spirit shouts  
and sings

For wonder at the gifts the young earth  
brings;

And keen desire shall follow him no  
more.

For after Sorrow came to her she bore  
Glad angel-children from the heart of  
things.

Lo, I am he that was before time hurled  
Through shadowy deep where only death  
bells ring,

And only stars that fall are clear to see.  
Henceforth I walk in light and Life, with  
Thee,

And through my heart upwells that liv-  
ing spring

Whose waters are the life-blood of the  
world."

H. H. E.

KATHERINE CARTER GILLETTE.

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TOYS FROM OTHER LANDS

## *Gifts at Christmas*

The spirit of Christmas Giving, personified in the humbly-brought gifts of the Wise Men, has been an active influence down through the ages. The custom of giving to children exists in various forms in almost every Christian country.

St. Nicholas of Italy, being well off, liked nothing better than to help families in distress, but he was very modest and disliked being thanked. At first, when gifts were received, nobody knew who the benefactor was, but finally he was discovered, and from that day on, whenever anyone received gifts from unknown sources, St. Nicholas had the credit for it.

The Italians were the first to bring forth the idea of the Christmas tree. They really took it from the Egyptians, who had a sacred palm tree with twelve shoots on it, symbolizing the twelve months and immortality. When the idea was adopted by the Romans, since the palm tree does not grow in Italy, the

native fir tree was used because it was cone-shaped like a pyramid.

To Rome we are also indebted for first use of toys as gifts. The Romans used to exchange presents during the Saturnalia, their holidays. These presents usually took the form of wax tapers and dolls, the latter being an echo of the human sacrifices once offered to Saturn. It is queer to think that our Christmas presents of today are derived from one of the most savage customs of the pagan.

As St. Nicholas was the patron saint of boys, so was St. Lucy the patron saint of the girls. On Christmas she distributed gifts to the girls while St. Nicholas, called Father Christmas, looked after the boys. Naturally, their gifts would appeal much more to children if in the form of toys, so as they traveled over the different European countries, they presented their special charges with dolls or other things which we think of in connection with Christmas today.

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In Norway, Santa Claus, because he has so many presents to deliver, is assisted by his servant, Kris Kringle, who drives the precious load over the roofs in a reindeer sleigh, which runs very lightly because it was built in Fairyland.

The hanging of the stockings as a storehouse for the gifts is accounted for by a rather queer and doubtful story. St. Nicholas, while ascending the roof on one of his annual expeditions, dropped a purse down the chimney. Instead of falling as it should have on the hearth, it came to lodge in a child's stocking which was hung up to dry.

The Christmas tree, too, was introduced as a bearer of gifts. Germany was the first country to use the decorated tree in this way. Here, in the 16th Century, Christmas gifts were tied up in bundles which contained "something pleasant, something useful, and something pertaining to discipline." Here in another way is the advent of the toy as a gift to the child at Christmas. A toy, a cake, or some sugar plums fulfilled the first requirement; a garment, a book or pencil, the second, and always a twig to suggest the rod, for the third.

In Russia there is the legend of Babuska, an old woman who was urged by the Wise Men from the East to go with them to visit the Christ Child. This she

would not do until she had finished her spinning. When she was finally ready to follow the snow had come, covering their tracks. She was so sorry for her act that ever since she has been trying to make amends by going about on Christ-

In France and in Germany the wooden shoe is the receptacle for Christmas gifts. In France, better than the fictitious Santa Claus, Kris Kringle, or Babuska, is the Giver, "Le Bon Jésus" Himself, for the Holy Child is the real bestower of what is given in honor of His Birth.

There seems to be no definite authority relating the universal adoption of toys as the gift for the child, but it is logical to assume that, since Christmas is peculiarly the children's day, the toy has come to be the substitute for those first gifts of frankincense and myrrh. Christmas in America unfortunately is losing the spirit of true giving. In its place is rising that co-partner of materialism, commercialism. We can hardly realize the true beauty of a European Christmas with the over-emphasized materialistic viewpoint which too often is apparent here. With all the rich tradition we should strive to bring about the universal feeling of peace on earth, good will toward men.

LUCY DOANE.



MADE IN AMERICA, M. S. A.  
From odds and ends that came our way

# EDITORIALS

## *Christmas Eve*

In the sleet-driven street, hurrying before Traffic, catching on their faces the light from shop windows or the glare of a motor, have you seen humanity go shopping? Little children go by, eyes swept with a glory, clutching some trinket from Santa, babbling excitedly.

I think of the winter night that will come; the night before Christmas. Delicious ecstasy will lull the children to sleep and the old folks will sit around joking at their wonder. "Christmas is for children, isn't it! One morning we can lie later in bed."

After the earth is silent and Santa has done his business, the stars will be watching in silence, or perhaps there will be some snow. If you lie awake then for a while, the night will give you its wonder. There will be the gift of the wind that goes quietly, telling of the beginning and ending of all. There will be the drifting down of the snow, showing that stern reality may have its surface of loveliness, as a hard road-bed its covering of white. There will be the silence that wraps trees and sky and ground in its completeness and leaves you for a moment facing God. And out of that silence will come the answer to your questings; like a child at heart you will have your Christmas dawn.

## *French Art Since 1906*

*Modern French Painters* is the title of a new book by Maurice Raynol, translated into English by Ralph Roeder and published by Brentano's of New York. Price \$7.50.

M. Raynol has divided his work into three parts—a short series of brief critical outlines of the various movements in French art since 1906—equally short critical studies of the lives and works of the more significant painters of the epoch of which he treats—and lastly the illustration, by over a hundred full page cuts, of the most typical French art of the past two decades. In his lives of the painters, the author includes, wherever possible, quotations from the artists themselves in order that his readers may better comprehend the ideals for which they strive.

Although the first section of the book is written in a somewhat recondite fashion—a tendency noticeable in many works attempting to explain modern art—the other divisions are excellent, both as interpretative studies of the artists and as a catalogue and reference of their productions. M. Raynol presents an adequate and illustrative story of the various post-impressionistic movements of recent years.

PLAGIARISMUS.

## *Poetry*

What is poetry? Poetry, to me, is simple; a rhythmic expression of Beauty. It may be in the vague, helpless, fluttering of old, worn hands; it may be in a dust-flecked shaft of sunlight; it may be in the precise perfection of a sonnet; in the mellow, amber tones of an organ, or in the aching cry of one who knows that loss for which there is no compensation; for there is Beauty in Sorrow.

There is Beauty in the whole-hearted crying of a child experiencing the keen anguish of disappointment; there is

Beauty in the pale, defiant face of a girl, head bowed in shame, yet heart aflame, undaunted; there is Beauty in the Silence that Life leaves behind it when it goes, and infinite Beauty in the tear-worn faces of those who meet that Silence, mute and questioning. Passive sorrow is the most beautiful of all, the perfect poem.

And there is Beauty in Joy; in the rapt look of a child who sees a dream come true, who shakes the hand of Santa Claus and finds him real. There is

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Beauty in the far-flung gaze of the War Wife who sees her man returning from the grave; Beauty in the mad, hysterical Joy of the Mother whose lost child is not lost. And in the quiet unexpressed Joy of the father in the son, that Joy that is so much a mixture of pride and of wonder, there, too, is Beauty. That is a poem.

The fleeting, inarticulate poems are the best. The brain cannot hold to the position of words in a line, but the heart will not forget the poem of a tree, breaking in the wind, its leafy arms thrown out before it, crying out mutely as trees must. And the heart remembers always the voice, and the mood, and the look of a man when he sings his song 'with Silence.

Prose is the language of commerce, of materialism and greed. For there is not Beauty in these things, and only the unwholesome emotions of lust and despair. And though there is Beauty in the commonplace, there is little enough of poetry in the average comment overheard on a street corner. The common things are common, and in themselves do not inspire the heart. Invest them with a particular significance; let them strike the spark of emotion to kindle the fire of Beauty, and poetry will become the common language among men. Emerson says,

"Crossing a bare common in snowy puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear."

To be "glad to the brink of fear" is to approach the delicate, thin edge of poetry. Here are the common things being lifted out of the commonplace through emotion.

There is poetry in the homeliest of souls. It needs only the fever of emotion to give it speech. Monuments of reticence become poets under stress when speech takes to itself a cadence unfamiliar to the tongue, and words leap forth not commonly employed.

Some prose is like to poetry, and has in itself so much of loveliness that it satisfies as fully. Conceived in a sense of Beauty, it touches the heights, and fails of being poetry only in imperfection of rhythm.

The elemental things are poetic because they have beauty, and paradoxically, they are beautiful because they are poetry. The expression of sorrow is poetry. The mood of a day, and the moods of the people who live in that day are all excerpts from the long poem of History and from the short poem of Individual Life. We can live prose, and we do, but there are times when everyone is conscious of the poetry in life and of the poet in himself. "Praise is pleasant; if only it didn't make one so humble; hostility is painful: if only it didn't make one so proud."

"Poetry," says Shelley, "lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar." That is why we experience that mystic and mysterious, intangible, yet very real mood which we describe as "the feeling of Christmas." Everything is different. There is something in the air; something not entirely religious in character, yet rife with the spirit of peace and good will. The thin little blanket of snow is welcome because it seems to belong to the general air of things. The blazing lights on the stores lose their harshness and seem beautiful and gay with a holiday festivity. The crowds of people in the cars are greeted as kindred Christmas shoppers. Everyone is friendly and light-hearted. The Poetry of Christmas has lifted the veil from familiar things and lets us see them in their true light.

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## *The Reiss Exhibition*

Art makes the editorial page of the Boston Post!!

"A most unusual exhibition of portraits is opened to public view today at the Boston Art Club. It is a collection of 70 portraits of American Indians, painted last year by Winold Reiss in the Glacier National Park, Montana, and the Waterton Lane Park in Canada. They depict the Indian as he was and as he is, realistically and sympathetically.

We urge teachers and parents of school children to take as many youngsters as possible to see this very complete collection of art that is distinctively American."

## CLASS NEWS

### *Freshman Notes*

As Christmas descends upon us we realize suddenly that three months of our first school year have passed. Where are we? Most of us have been able to adapt ourselves; the rest are in the same dazed state they were in in September.

With the passing of time, we have been made to feel that we are a part of the school. The Student Association has helped us to become organized and to elect officers.

Several of our number have ably represented us in the Student Exhibition. We feel that we are really getting the

"It is conscientious completeness which turns work into Art. The smallest thing well done becomes artistic."

With this in mind we hope to meet, heads up, the remainder of this year at M. S. A.

### *Sophomore Class Notes*

Ho! Ho! Thanksgiving's all over and so many more innocent turkeys done to death! And Christmas isn't so far off either. In fact, it's so near that we can't quite settle down, after the effect of our previous revelry, to coming back to our programs and the expectations of Christmas. Those new programs! The Designers traipse gaily along in the old way, but the Drawing and Painting class collapses under the weight of Instrumental Drawing and Architecture. The Teacher Trainers put in their thumbs and pulled out Life, for which they've been crying and stamping their feet. They're very glad to get it, and Mr. Philbrick too, although he did want to keep his Drawing and Painting class.

As for the exhibition, Paul Quinn's sketches, both in number and quality, certainly upheld the honor of the class.

And several others offered a variety of work ranging from pencil sketches to oil paintings. We were well represented.

Now, with the Christmas spread and festivities only a week and a half away, and oodles of presents to buy and make before the 25th, not to mention such things as designs, and mechanical drawings,—and Furniture notebooks!—it looks like a long hard winter for the Sophs. Merry Christmas!

### *Junior Class Notes*

Laughter, gaiety bubbling to the rhythm of music, flashing black eyes gleaming into blue, demure maidens blushing under glances of bold appraisal, such romance in it all that everyone from the dashing troubadour to the exquisite medieval lady found themselves wishing that the joy of it would never end; this was the Year Book Costume Party, one of the most beautiful dances ever held.

There are impressions of other days less happy. Forget the wretched hours before the dawn of anatomy and perspective exams. Put away the thought of the long evenings when the paint simply would not interpret ideas truly. Remember and ponder over the happy days of anticipation preceding the Thanksgiving vacation. Alas, those days were a mere interlude in the program of the school and are already forgotten.

The new marking system, which, at first the Junior designers thought was for them alone, has been lamented and accepted. An "A" is farther removed than ever and even the best students show emotion when they win one now.

The Junior class was well represented in the student exhibition. They have another reason for wishing to go abroad now, for they all want to make

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ETCHING—Seymour Haden

*Courtesy Casson Galleries*

watercolors of quaint market places and foreign little houses.

And now comes Christmas—a glorious holiday for art students! Here's wishing you all the merriest of vacations.

## *Senior Class Notes*

The Senior Class has been reunited; the Costume people have come home. It takes a separation to make us realize how glad we can be to see each other again. This is not a new experience. We are always more glad to get back to the school in the fall, and more glad in seeing people than we think we shall be. Because gladness is unpremeditated, there is a thrill about it that carries us away. Being carried like that is really living.

This calls up the realization of a precious and more important fact. People outside, who know us, find to an unusual degree, that the members of different divisions hold together well and not in cliques. This is true of the class as a whole; there is a class spirit.

Isn't this indeed precious?

Everyone in the class has a bit of splendor about him to everyone else because he is in the class. Besides this, there are many special friendships.

It is the meaning of Christmas that counts, people showing love and cheer. In a sense, people do this all at once at

Christmas. However, friendship and cheer are expressed during the rest of the year. Isn't this why our school-life and its endeavors have so much richness and meaning?

## *Legend of Befana*

By B. Y. WILLIAMS

In old barbaric splendor slow they came  
Across the desert plain—the three great  
kings

From out the East, each bearing pre-  
cious things

To greet the Christ. Before them spread  
their fame;

And humble dwellers near to Bethlehem  
Came out to see them and to add  
their store

Of meager gifts to those the Magi  
bore.

But one, Befana, took no heed of them,  
Too busy she with daily tasks! She'd  
learn

Their story later. But they came no  
more;

And old Befana sits beside her door  
Through all the years, still waiting their  
return.

Oh, heart of mine, this is the Christmas  
Day—

Fold for a time your busy cares away!

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## *The New Wing of the Museum of Fine Arts*

There is a new museum in Boston, the Museum of European and American Decorative Arts. Although it is only a part of the old Museum of Fine Arts it makes a complete and especially delightful collection all by itself. Ancient and lovely furniture, pottery, tapestries and all the furnishings of European and American dwellings have been brought together here and are shown, many of them, in the frames of the very rooms in which they used to be. There are galleries from Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands, French salons, a castle hall from Scotland, and American Colonial rooms from the earliest times up to the refinements of the Sheraton and Hepplewhite period. One can forget that one is in a museum for this lacks the usual museum atmosphere of vast, high-ceilinged rooms in which Spanish chests, Hepplewhite and Ladder-back chairs are quite lost and dwarfed in comparison. Low, beamed ceilings, windows hung with draperies, fireplaces, and properly related furnishings make the new wing a very home-like place.

The European galleries on the main floor are more or less like the old sections of the museum with which we are familiar. In the Gothic Gallery are madonnas sculptured in wood, painted and carved altar-pieces, tapestries, and in one part, a stained glass window from Herefordshire in England. It is a typical Gothic design but rather colorless. Tapestry, furniture, and sculpture from

Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands occupy four or five more long, high rooms.

The first of the furnished rooms is the "State Morning Room" from Hamilton Palace, Scotland. It is evidently from a period before the time when Scotchmen had earned their reputation for stinginess. The walls are of oak enriched with carving. Over the fireplace is the family coat of arms in a huge, carved panel. At the windows are hangings of Genoese cut velvet, deep maroon figures on a yellow ground. Carved furniture, English portraits and a gorgeous Ispahan rug complete the furnishings.

The French rooms have the most luxurious and dainty appearance of any. From Paris is a Louis XVI Salon with oak panelled walls and carved and gilded decoration. In a French Gallery is a Parisian bedstead once belonging to a French beauty. The head and footboards are inlaid with panels of pale green damask and on the wall, at the head of the bed, is a tiny hood from which draperies hang to the floor.

There are two salons from the Chateau de la Muette which have interesting historical connections. Madame de Pompadour and Marie Antoinette lived in them at one time. These salons are low rooms with dark oak walls, fireplaces, and slender furniture covered with yellow damask. This period (1740) of French architecture is rather more substantial and pleasing than the later gilded and rococco style.

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The Painted Room from Paris is a charming place where the ivory-colored walls are decorated with delicately painted flower designs.

From England come the Tudor and Chippendale collections. The former is in a picturesque 15th Century wood and plaster house, the kind that one sees on Christmas cards with carol singers under its windows. The outside of this room is finished with carved wooden beams and diamond-paned windows, after the style of Tudor architecture, and the materials were brought from a Devonshire village. Inside it is spooky and dark. An armored knight glimmers in a corner, fire glows in the fireplace, and a table has pewter flagons on it that once, doubtless, brimmed with good old English ale. The walls and ceiling are of richly panelled and beamed wood.

The Chippendale Room from Surrey, England, seems filled with light and gaiety after the gloom of the Tudor atmosphere. White carved and painted wall panels are broken up by the dark accents of slender ribbon-backed chairs, cabinets and a bookcase. The Chinese Chippendale is predominant. Over the doors and in the ceiling are dark, painted insets, and on the carved yellow Sienna marble is a representation of the dog in Aesop's fable looking at his reflection in the water.

On the ground floor of the museum is the Ship Model Gallery, a new feature for an American Museum, although most European collections of art include such a gallery among their treasures.

"It seems especially fitting that our coast-line states should store memories, fast fading, of the splendid ships that brought them renown and riches, and that an era of courage and romance should be kept alive in the models and pictures of these sailing vessels."

The ships themselves were made after these miniatures and not vice versa. Men whose sole occupation was making them were employed by the dock yards. They are complete to the last sail and rope, and include French, British, and early American sailing vessels.

And now we come to the loveliest rooms of all, the American Colonial section.

We went downstairs, around a corner and through a low door and found our-

selves in the very land of Thanksgiving.

We were in a low-ceiled ancient room, a dim and shadowy place that smelled of aged wood. The tiny diamond-shaped panes of the casement windows admitted only a little light, but through an open door a narrow stream of bright sunshine fell on the broad dark planks of the floor. Orange-colored curtains glowed at the windows and out of the dark and shadowy corners peered the shapes of ladder-back chairs, gate-leg tables, and cupboards. They were strong, homely things and looked as though they had really been used. There was a hush of expectancy in the dusk as tho the Colonial fathers and mothers and children might return at any moment. Two little chairs were drawn up to the table waiting for their small occupants and there were candles ready to be lit.

This was the Ipswich room. Its 17th century frame, beamed ceiling and unpainted floor boards were removed from a house in that town. All that this room lacks, we thought, was a fireplace, and that we found in the next one, another shadowy room with light pouring in at an open door. In the long brick-lined fireplace a black kettle made a silhouette against the silent orange fire. Great silvery pewter plates gleamed in the dusk and on the table was an "olde, small, Turkey-work carpet."

The atmosphere continued. In an alcove sheathed with white pine, now brown with age, was a cupboardful of pewter plates and porringers that made charming silver spots on the brown old shelves. A tuck-away table stood beneath the window, the hangings of which were Indian printed cotton.

In the Fiskdale room of the same period, the walls were beautifully panelled with ancient unpainted wood, and over the fireplace was a set of four drawers, a most unusual arrangement. They would make a perfectly unreachable hiding-place for Christmas gifts, candy, and all things forbidden to young children. Beside the drawers was a niche of shelves used as a dish cupboard. Modern recessed bookshelves were evidently inspired by it. A twinkling brass warming pan leaned up against the wall and everywhere were candles, half-burned, and new ones waiting to be lit.

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CASCADE—J. J. Enneking

*Courtesy Robert C. Vose Galleries*

The Pilgrim fathers and mothers gave way to Colonial dames and gentlemen, and daintier, but no less charming furnishings came into the homes. The McIntire room is a lovely bedroom of this period. The walls are white and the slender dark furniture shows to advantage against it. The bed is a genuine four-poster, a comfortable-looking one with a spread and hangings of old red and white Toile de Joie. There are Hepplewhite chairs, a commode with a bow front and dressing glass. The dado panel over the fireplace is a single giant slab of white pine reminding us of the days when workmen were generous with their materials.

Samuel McIntire designed two other graceful rooms of this period, a dining room and parlor. These, with the bedroom, were part of the country house belonging to Captain Nathaniel and Elizabeth Derby West in South Danvers. Over the fireplace in the dining room, a dark oil painting, "Saturday Evening," is set in the white panel and its mate, "Sunday Morning," is in the parlor. A beautiful chandelier of cut glass pendants hangs over the parlor table. The chairs and tables in the rooms are chiefly Sheraton and Hepplewhite.

Landscape and elaborately flowered wall papers from France were often used

charmingly with the white woodwork and slim dark furniture. A room from Bath, Maine, has gay printed paper which, in this case, even had a name, "Le Pare Francais." This is a series of naturalistic pictures of a park of leafy trees, quiet streams, and French summer-houses in perspective wandering over the walls in a manner perfectly agreeable to the eye.

The "Seasons Wall Paper" in the Dodd Room depicts the activities of the four seasons, and was rather marvelously made. "It was printed in grey tones on small sheets of paper and the range of scenic effect including figures, architecture, distant hills, and great expanse of sky has been accomplished with not more than seven values."

Here were also several faded and brown samplers. The verse on one of them appealed to us. The internal rhymes are worthy of Amy Lowell.

"Phebe Stacy Stevens is my name  
And England is my nation Gosport  
Is my dwelling place and Christ is  
My Salvation When I am dead and  
In my grave and all my bones are  
Rotten When this you see you will  
Think of me when I am quite for  
Gotten When my father and mother  
Forsake me the Lord taketh me up  
And blessed be the name of the Lord."

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To return to wall-paper, there was some gorgeous Chinese paper in the American Gallery, brought to Boston on the Canton Packet in 1805.

There are several galleries devoted to miscellaneous silver and furniture, but one really likes and remembers best the old rooms furnished and ready to live in.

In the American Gallery are two old doorways taken from houses at Hatfield and Longmeadow, Massachusetts. The door from Longmeadow has what was called the "witches' cross" on the lower panels. This was supposed to prevent witches, devils, and other children of Satan from entering the house.

This ends our story of the New Wing. We have not described all that there is to see. To get any idea of the beauty of it one must see it for himself.

M. E. Root.

## *Christmas*

Christmas near.  
But all the world's a rushing, swarming,  
    crowd,  
The earth is bruised  
By heedless feet that press while voices  
    loud  
Knife the air.

Christmas near.  
The restless surge of strife for daily  
    gain  
Smites the sky.  
The reaching fingers grasp, nor heed the  
    pain  
Or falling tear.

Christmas Eve.  
God's fingers brushing o'er the silent  
    earth  
Mutely bless,  
In soothing tenderness blot out the hurt  
    of  
Busy Life.

Christmas Eve.  
The sudden stillness awes the voluble  
    mirth  
An angel's song  
Sounds low and clear from Heaven at  
    His birth  
Caress to give.

Christmas past.  
The crowds move on again across New  
    Year  
Hysteric, mad,  
Upon the old, worn, road, raise dust,  
    that  
Hides the sky.

H. L. F.

## *Night*

Far above the city  
Sit I  
Alone  
In a skyscraper high  
I watch the night  
Draw nigh  
Creeping over  
With silent tread  
Like  
The mourners  
In the house of death  
The gray  
Spreads over  
The fading red  
And the wind  
Rushes over  
With icy breath  
Twinkling lights  
Pattern  
A blanket of black  
Sweeping beams  
Through the heavens  
Are cast  
As man  
Tries to throw  
The dark back  
And along the boulevard  
Night  
Is a thing  
Of the past  
But nature  
Feels  
Something is amiss  
She says to herself  
Why  
Should man  
Drive out night  
Like this  
So  
From the moon-enchanted har-  
bor  
Steals  
A pearly mist  
And the blazing searchlights  
Become  
Mere will o' the wisps

## ART NEWS



THE COOLIDGE HOMESTEAD—Mildred Coughlin

*Courtesy Robert C. Vose Galleries*

### *Local Exhibitions*

"America's first citizens, more than half a hundred strong, have invaded Boston and in all the glory of beads and paint and war-bonnets are enthroned upon the walls of the Boston Art Club, thanks to their friend and interpreter, Winold Reiss, who with the aid of such media as pastel crayons, oils, and water-colors, has immortalized a fast-vanishing race."

After reading that we invited ourself to the Boston camp of the first citizens without delay and found that this was the real thing, as described. One's first impression is rather astounding. Imagine a roomful of extra large railway posters in brilliant yellows, blues and reds with large areas of luminous white. But this sensation does not last. One soon realizes that here is a sincere and very successful attempt to portray the true character of the red man and that bril-

liant, primitive color which is a part of it.

Mr. Reiss has made excellent studies of the red, leathery faces and dense black hair of the warriors, with red and black conte crayon. The bead-sewn garments, elaborate war-bonnets, and backgrounds are done in a very effective combination of crayon and large areas of clear, pure show card color; bright, clean tones that give one the sensation of the hot sun and strong wind of the prairie.

The backgrounds are often adorned with symbols representing episodes from the sitter's life history. "Mike Little Dog," a mighty chieftain, was a successful horse-thief in his day judging by the herd of galloping mustangs depicted at his back. Horse-stealing was far from being considered a crime among the Indians. On the contrary, the warrior who

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returned, unharmed and with a big haul from a horse-stealing expedition was honored and doubtless pointed out as an example for small Indian boys.

Honestaipoka, or Two Guns White Calf, made a colorful picture with his vivid blue shirt, exquisite green trousers and bonnet of eagle feathers. He is said to be one of those braves claiming to be the original of the Indian on the Buffalo nickel.

"Many Horses, Little Rosebush, and Baby" was a family group of three generations, apparently.

"Nightshoot Brave Society" was a striking seated figure of a hunter whose fiery red clothing was hardly distinguishable from his coppery skin. He grasped a bow in his hands and behind him on the wall, a grotesque blue buffalo stabbed with two red arrows indicated that he had been a mighty hunter.

Besides the Indian portraits, there were a few studies of women's heads, in a group by themselves. They were extremely interesting in treatment and composition and were chiefly exotic beauties of Spanish or French ancestry, we should judge. Two, side by side, were especially striking; one was a saintly Joan of Arc, straight and still, with folded hands and smooth close hair; the other had the air of a Carmen, hands on hips, a daring, scarlet dress and bushy, black curled hair.

The catalogues of Mr. Reiss' exhibition are worth having as there are four full-page reproductions of paintings in color in them.

The Art Club has a new hanging committee this year which has improved the background for the exhibitions and adopted a more pleasing arrangement in displaying the canvases. The walls are now covered with folds of a neutral-colored material, similar to that at the Guild, and the paintings are hung in a line instead of haphazardly as they so often were last year.

The first showing of this season in the renovated gallery was a collection of Contemporary American Paintings. Many local artists were represented as well as some from more distant points. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Andrew, Mr. Philbrick, Edmund Tarbell, Mr. Sharman, and Aldro Hibbard were among those familiar to us. We liked especially, "New England Summer" by Charles Curtis

Allen, one of the three selected to compete for the Purchase Prize. It disturbed us at first, because we couldn't see anything remarkable about it. It was merely a white New England farmhouse and barn on a hill-top in the sunshine. In the foreground some leafy bushes cast deep shadows before them. After a while it came upon us that there was an unusually strong sensation of bright sunshine. It was such a vivid impression that we remembered it long afterward and concluded that perhaps the judges knew what they were about after all.

At the Guild this month is a group of canvases by Philip Hale. One feels that they were painted by a patient and thorough artist who appreciates the beauties of nature. Hair, flesh, and the lace of a collar are studied carefully and made as nearly "like the nature" as possible. There is a marvelous feeling of air between the subject and the surface of the canvas. The portrait of Miss Agnes Barret has a lovely head and an exquisitely painted lace collar. Near the door is a fine group of drawings in pencil and conte crayon of girls' heads with beautifully rendered soft hair.

John Whorf and Carroll Bill have provided two almost equally interesting water-color shows this month. At the Casson, Mr. Bill had a fresh and colorful collection of old Spanish bridges, farmhouses, and bits of cities and market-places in Spain.

John Whorf was at Grace Horne's, of course. His forceful, clear thinking style reminds us of Sargent, as always. "Winter Twilight," a forest of pine trees smothered in snow that is blue-green in the dusk is full of the chill calm of a winter evening. "Winter Day in Hoboken" had a nice humorous touch in the foreground. The subject was a collection of sad-looking houses, an expanse of dirty snow, and factory smoke in the distance. Down in front, a lonesome, skinny cat, his tracks in the snow making a trail behind him, looks sadly into the picture.

"In the Cumberlands" was a dark, dramatic mountain scene, and there were many sketches of ships and boats, gaily colored and broken up by fantastic shadows from sails and rigging.

M. E. Root.

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## Christmas Night

Seems to me the stars shine brighter

Christmas Night;

Seems to me the snow lies whiter

Christmas Night;

That the solemn trees stand straighter,

And the frosty moon sets later,

And the hush is stiller, greater;

Christmas Night.

Seems to me sad things are fewer

Christmas Night;

Seems to me glad things are truer

Christmas Night.

Seems to me the bells ring clearer

From their steeples, louder, nearer—

Seems to me the whole world's dearer

Christmas Night!

—Anon.

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